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SYLVESTER SOUND,

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

BY HENRY COCKTON, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOQUIST," ETC.



THE SPIRIT OF THE PASTOR.

CHAPTER XI.

THE "SPIRIT" APPEARS TO THE PASTOR AND JONES.

THERE are few things more galling to a sensitive man than the fact of his having been found in a ridiculous position; but while no one could have felt more acutely than Aunt Eleanor's reverend friend that the position in which

he had that morning been found *was* ridiculous, none could have endeavored more earnestly than Aunt Eleanor herself to induce him to repudiate that feeling, as one which ought not to be entertained.

"Now say no more about it," she at length observed, after having heard impatiently a vast deal of eloquence, for the reverend gentleman,

on this point, became extremely eloquent, as soon as he had ceased to shiver—"the whole affair resolves itself to this: Feeling fatigued you went to sleep; and who can wonder at it? while Jones, poor fellow, followed your example: no one can marvel at *that!*"

"But he solemnly promised that he would not go to sleep. 'Jones,' says I, 'can I, till one o'clock, trust you?' 'Sir,' he replied, I remember his words—'I'll not go to sleep if it isn't one clock for a month. I'll keep awake if I live!'"

"And he intended to do so, no doubt, poor man. You *must* therefore forgive him. But, now, is it not strange—is it not mysterious—that that door of mine should thus be opened, night after night, as it is, and for no other purpose than that of annoying me?"

"It is indeed mysterious," replied the reverend gentleman. "But *I'll* solve the mystery—I'll find it out. Having entered into the matter so far, I'll go on with it. Practices of this character, my dear madam, must and *shall* be put a stop to! They are perfectly monstrous. They must not—in a civilized country like ours—they *must* not be suffered to continue; and so firmly resolved am I to get to the bottom of this mystery, that if you will not allow me to occupy your parlor this night, I'll conceal myself in the shrubbery and watch there!"

"My dear sir," cried Aunt Eleanor, "oh! for heaven's sake, do not dream of it for a moment!"

"Nothing can alter my firm determination in this matter. I'm resolved to find it out; and unless you afford me an asylum in your parlor, into the shrubbery this very night I go."

"Oh, but I cannot think of consenting to your sacrificing your rest for me in this way."

"Well, my dear madam, you know my determination: I watch this night in the shrubbery. If you close the gates against me, I'll get over the wall."

"Close the gates against you! My dear sir, neither the gates nor the doors shall be closed against you. But let me prevail upon you to abandon this project—or at least defer it for a time!"

"And in the interim suffer you to be constantly annoyed. No; my dear madam, it must be done at once. I feel that I am now *bound* to make this discovery. I'll find them out. I am not a man to be easily thwarted: I am not a man to be turned from my purpose by any trifling failure. I ought to be, and I am, ashamed of having failed to make the discovery last night; but this night shall settle it."

"Well, if you are determined, I cannot do less than express my gratitude; but I do still think that it had better be deferred. Consider, to-night you will require *much* rest."

"Not at all! I'll manage that: I'll go to bed to-day, and thus prepare myself for night. But no supper!—do not prepare any supper—it is to that I ascribe our failure last night.—Had it not been for the supper, Jones would not have gone to sleep; these fellows, you know, while there's anything to eat, *will* gormandize, and gormandize, until they have no more ani-

mation about them than prize pigs. Therefore prepare no supper. I'll bring something with me to keep us awake."

"Then you mean to allow Jones to sit up with you again?"

"Why, I think that it will be, under the circumstances, as well."

"Much better. But, poor fellow, you'll let him have some rest?"

"I'll send him to bed the moment I get home. I'll manage it; and we shall catch them. My dear madam, be assured of this—we shall catch them."

Sylvester now entered the room, and when he had heard the substance of all that had occurred, he begged to be allowed to sit up that night with the reverend gentleman and Jones. This, however, was strongly objected to, both by his aunt and her reverend friend, on the ground of his apparent physical indisposition, and when they had all made a hearty breakfast, it was finally arranged that the reverend gentleman was to come again that night at ten; that Jones was to accompany him, and that nothing in the shape of supper was to be on this occasion prepared.

This having been decided to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, the reverend gentleman left; and Aunt Eleanor conceiving that the feelings of Judkins might be wounded in consequence of Jones having been elected to sit up the previous night with her reverend friend instead of him, rang the bell and desired his attendance.

"Judkins," she observed, as he entered the room, "although perhaps I ought not to suppose that you are simple enough to imagine that, as Jones sat up with his master last night, I had not sufficient confidence in *you*;—I wish you to understand that that arrangement was made in consequence of Mr. Rouse having preferred, and very naturally, the attendance of his own servant to that of mine."

"Yes, ma'am, I understand: oh! yes," said Judkins, "but if he'd had me with him, things 'ud ha' been different."

"Very likely."

"Why, I've seen that Jones, ma'am—it isn't my place p'raps to speak not of no man—but I've seen him go to sleep with the bread in his mouth—I've seen him drop off in the middle of the day!—he's the sleepiest fellow as is.—He sit up with a gentleman all night! The idear is rotten! He couldn't keep awake by any accident. I'd catch you, ma'am, a dormouse in the winter that would beat him."

"My object," said Aunt Eleanor, "is neither to canvass the character of Jones, nor to dwell upon his eccentricities, but merely to explain to you that want of confidence, on my part, was not the cause of your not being chosen to sit up, and to impress upon you the necessity for keeping whatever arrangements we either have made or may make, with a view to the discovery of these persons, a secret."

"I understand, ma'am. Depend upon me, I shall not say a word to a soul."

"Very good. That is all I require." Judkins then withdrew, and Aunt Eleanor

conceived that she had done all that was necessary to secure silence on the subject, but in this she was mistaken.

Villages appear to contain no secrets. If any be suffered to exist at all, they must find it a difficult matter to live. They must not even breathe but in silence: if they do they must instantly die. Everybody knows everybody; everybody talks about everybody; everybody's business is everybody's business, and every one is fair game for the whole. And herein lie the humanities of a village. They must know something—hence they seek to know each other: they must talk about something—hence they talk about each other: they must laugh at something—hence they laugh at each other: they must denounce something, and they hence denounce each other. This may be called "petty;" but then a village is a petty world, containing petty people, whose general intelligence is therein confined.

It might have been thought that Aunt Eleanor had, as she imagined, done sufficient to ensure secrecy in this matter; but although Legge was silent, and Judkins was silent, and Jones and the reverend gentleman were silent, Mrs. Legge, when she found that she was able to get nothing having reference to it out of Legge himself, sent for Mary, who at once told her all.

Having thus obtained the important information sought, Mrs. Legge told Obadiah Drant, and the moment he heard of it, of course the secret died. It was then indeed no longer a secret: for glorying as he always did in everything bearing even the semblance of an opportunity of having, what he termed, "a regular fructifying cut" at those above him, he went round the village, called on all his associates, and developed his fine inventive faculties strongly. He had received that morning a large order for a quarter of a hundred of bricks, but that of course he could not attend to.

"I say," said he, on reaching Pokey's residence, "I say, my boy! have you heard the news?"

"No!" replied Pokey. "What news?"

"What! haven't you heard about old Teddy Rouse?"

"No! what about him?"

"Such a game my boy!—such a glorious game! Pinned like a cockchafer!—regularly pinned! I'll be bound to say there hasn't been a man so pinned since the time of the French revolution."

"But how," cried Pokey, "how was he pinned? What was it all *about*?"

"Why, you know Mrs. Sound has been much annoyed lately by ghosts, you know, and all sorts of things. Well, this blessed morning, you know, when she came down, who should she find in her parlor but old Teddy Rouse in his shirt!"

"What! the parson?"

"The parson! Well, in she went, and flew at him, and out she pulled him, and pommelled and scratched him, and shook him, and worried him, until Ted called out for mercy so loud you might have heard him all over the village."

"What! do you mean to say—"

"Yes!—Well! when she had him down flat on his back, with her fingers on his throat, and her knees upon his chest, she sent her maid over for Legge, and when Legge came, she offered to stand a pound if he'd give Ted an out-and-out whelting. Legge was a fool not to do it."

"But do you mean to say—"

"Do you think I wouldn't have done it? If I had had half a chance, do you think I wouldn't have welted him?"

"Well, but do you mean to say now this was the parson?"

"Teddy Rouse, I tell you!—old Teddy Rouse! Did you ever hear of such a game?"

"And do you mean to say, then, that he was the ghost after all?"

"Why, to be sure he was."

"The animal!"

"Wouldn't we have served him out that night if we had known it! I'll just tell you what I'd have done: I'd have caught him by the scruff of his blessed neck, and when you and Snorkings had fixed his legs, I'd have dragged him to the horse-pond and given him a cooler."

"Well, but I say, what did they do with him?"

"Do with him! Why, like a parcel of fools, they let him go! I only wish I had been there! He wouldn't have been let off so easy, I'll warrant. But isn't it sickening now, when you come to look at it? Isn't it disgusting that we should be compelled to support these vampires? These are the locusts that prey upon our vitals!—these are the vultures that finger elevenpence-halfpenny out of every shilling the poor man earns!—The fact is, Pokey, between you and me, we *must* have a rattling revolution. It must be a rattler, come when it may. Bobby Peel ought to blush for upholding this downright system of dead robbery. As Johnny Russell told him to his teeth the other night, 'I'll tell you what it is,' said Johnny, 'if you don't knock this fructifying swindle in the head, you may look out for pepper!' And he'll have it! It was just the case in Constantinople, under Peter the Great; it was just the case in China, when the Turkish ambassadors signed the Magna Charta; it was just the case during the Peninsular war, when William the Conqueror upset the lot, and sent Russia off with a flea in her ear: it has been the case, mind you, all over the world, and, mark my words, it will be the case here. Are we to be plundered of our substance, to support a mob of locusts like old Teddy Rouse?"

"Are we to be ground to the earth, and taxed to the tune here of eighteen hundred millions a-year, that such men as Ted Rouse may grow fat? Not a bit of it! No, my boy, we shall have a rattler! But I must be off. It's quite clear that Ted has put his foot in it this time. I thought it wouldn't be long before he was caught on the hip. Well, God bless you—I'll work him! I'll stick to him, my boy! But I say, only think though of Ted in his shirt! Ha! ha! ha! It's the capitelest go that ever occurred! Ha! ha! ha!—Well! ta-ta! Ha! ha! I shall see you to-night. Poor Teddy Rouse! Ha! ha! ha!"

Thus he left Pokey, and thus he went round, fructifying as he proceeded so freely, that the thing assumed a shape of vast local importance; and although Obadiah was pretty well known, he established his falsehoods on the basis of truth with so much ingenuity, that all his associates felt quite convinced that "Ted" had been actually playing the ghost.

Of this the reverend gentleman was, however, unconscious. He went to bed at twelve, and Jones went to bed too, and when they rose about nine in the evening, they had a slight repast, and at ten o'clock precisely repaired to the cottage.

Here Aunt Eleanor received them as before, and when she had indulged in many expressions of gratitude, and Sylvester had reiterated his wish to be allowed to sit up with them, in vain, the reverend gentleman gave them his blessing, and he and his companion were left for the night.

But that friendship which existed the night before had vanished. They were no longer friends. Jones stood near the door with a basket in his hand, while the reverend gentleman sat by the fire.

To say that Jones much admired this arrangement, were to say that which is not exactly correct. He did not much admire it. Nor could he conceive how long he should have to stand there. There was, moreover, no show of anything to eat—that in his view looked ominous: still he did fondly imagine that the basket which he held in his hand contained something substantial and nice, of which he might by-and-by perhaps come in for a share. This, therefore, did not distress him much. But when he looked at his position as a servant, standing as he was in the presence of a master who, being indignant, might not, perhaps, even permit him to sit, he did—not presuming to take a seat without permission—think his case hard. It was, however, in his view, perfectly clear that he couldn't continue to stand there all night. He knew that he must drop some time or other, and that was, as far as it went, a comfort. He had not been accustomed to stand long in one position: still being resolved to keep up as long as possible, he had recourse to a variety of manœuvres. Sometimes his whole weight was on his right leg, and sometimes it rested on his left: sometimes he planted one shoulder against the wall, and sometimes he planted the other; and thus, by virtue of moving about, twisting his hips, and vexing his spine, he managed to stand there for more than an hour.

At length, when he fancied that "drop he must," the reverend gentleman turned round, and said, "Now, sir, bring me that basket."

This was a great relief to Jones: as he took the basket forward, in the full conviction of there being something therein delicious, he felt re-inspired with hope, but when the reverend gentleman on receiving it said, coldly, "That will do!" he returned to his corner, to contemplate the scene in a state of mind bordering on despair.

But even under these adverse circumstances,

Jones could not curb his imagination. It dived into the basket, and there conceived a couple of ducks, a pigeon-pie, some bread and cheese, and the materials for punch. This he thought was not bad. Nor as a vision was it. It sustained him for a time, and when at length the reverend gentleman drew forth a bottle, he felt that that vision was about to be realised. One bottle only, however, was produced, and that was a peculiarly-shaped bottle. Jones had never seen such a bottle before. It wouldn't stand. But that it contained something nice, he felt fully convinced.

"Now, sir, hand me one of those tumblers," said the reverend gentleman. "The largest."

Jones with alacrity obeyed, and when the reverend gentleman had twisted off the wire, and cut the string which secured the cork, that cork flew out with a report so loud, that it caused Jones to stagger as if he had been shot.

"Hark!" cried the reverend gentleman, who at that moment fancied he heard a noise: but, after having listened and found all still, he turned and drank that which to Jones appeared to be boiling gin-and-water.

"Now, sir," he continued, feeling sure that the noise which he had heard was made by Jones on being startled, "what have you to say in explanation of your conduct last night?"

Jones had nothing to say in explanation.—He couldn't see what explanation was required. The case appeared to him to be clear as it stood—he went to sleep. That was all he knew about it, and all he could explain, and as he felt that that explanation was unnecessary, he was silent.

"Do you not think, sir," resumed the reverend gentleman, "that such conduct, after all my kindness, was disgraceful?"

"I'm very sorry for it, sir," replied Jones, humbly. "It sha'n't occur again, it sha'n't indeed, sir: I hope you'll look over it."

"I gave you notice, sir, this morning, to quit my service in a month. Now, whether that notice be ratified or withdrawn, depends upon your conduct this night."

Jones bowed, and was about to return to his corner, when the reverend gentleman said, "Bring another glass,"—and when the glass had been brought, and he had drawn another bottle from the basket, he added, taking the wire off and cutting the string—"Now, sir, hold the tumbler, and then drink this off."—Bang went the cork from the bottle to the ceiling, and out rushed the beverage, which Jones thought hot; so hot indeed, that he blew it with great caution before he put it to his lips; while it hissed and boiled, and flew into his eyes, as if every bubble had some spite to spit. He soon, however, found that it was cold, and drank it off, and then gasped for breath and shuddered. He didn't feel all like it. It wasn't all nice. There was nothing in the flavor to recommend it. It was hard and sour, and cold—very cold.

"Did you never take soda-water before?" enquired the reverend gentleman, who saw him shuddering convulsively.

"Never, sir."

"Do you not like it?"

"Why, sir—des say its very good."
 "It will keep you awake, Jones."
 "Shouldn't be surprised, sir."

The reverend gentleman then emptied the basket, and Jones, to his horror, perceived—instead of a couple of ducks and the pigeon-pie—nothing but twelve of these bottles.

"Well," thought he, "here's a pretty basin o' soup. But he can't mean to say we're agoin for to live upon this here swill *all* the blessed night."

"You can sit down, Jones," said the reverend gentleman.

Sit down! Yes!—that of course was all very well; but Jones was not thinking of that point then: he was turnng over, opening, and fairly spreading out the *idea* of two men keeping up all night with nothing to sustain them but this cold stuff.

"What gets over me," said he privately to himself, "is that master prefers this to punch. Des say it's dear: bound its dear, although I wouldn't give so much as a penny for a pondfull on it, *but* that a gentleman like him, as can have punch whenever he likes, should prefer this here *to* it, is rum. But gentlemen certainly is queer swells. Wonder if they ever gets tipsey upon it! Des say they do though, or else they wouldn't drink it."

There was, however, one point upon which Jones reflected very deeply, and that point was this: How could cold water boil?—He had seen the soda-water effervesce: he had tasted it during its effervescence, and found it cold! the question with him therefore was, "How as that water was cold could it boil?"

That was, indeed, a puzzler for Jones. But he stuck to it!—oh! he stuck to it: and brought to bear upon it, too, all the knowledge he had. He could make nothing of it, but he wouldn't give it up! The question still was, How could cold water boil?

To be continued.

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**PASTOURELLE.**

Translated from the Provençal or Langue d'Oc.

—  
 BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

"Ai! si ave din nastie village  
 Un jouin e tendre pastourel,  
 Que vas gagn' au premie cop d'iel,  
 E'piei qua toujour vous engage;  
 Es moun ami; rende lon me;  
 Ai soun amour el a ma fe."

Ah! were there in our village here  
 A sensible and tender youth;  
 One who would ever hold me dear,  
 And love with constancy and truth:  
 Mine he should be—come, love, to me—  
 My faith and affection are plighted to thee.

If by his soft and tender voice  
 He wakes the echoing forest glades;  
 Or if the music of his flute  
 Moves the soft hearts of village maids,

Mine shall he be—come, love, to me—  
 My faith and affection are plighted to thee.

E'en if his bashfulness be such  
 He dare not speak a word the while,  
 Nay if his awkward step and gait  
 Provoke at times the unwilling smile;  
 Yet mine shall he be—come, love, to me—  
 My faith and affection are plighted to thee.

The poor man passing near his cot,  
 Asks not for charity in vain;  
 My gentle shepherd's heart is touched,  
 For oh! he loves not sordid gain.  
 Mine shall he be—come, love, to me—  
 My faith and affection are plighted to thee.

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PHRENO-MNEMOTECHNY.

For the Magazine for the Million.

The subject of Mnemonics is at this moment attracting a considerable share of public attention, the very interesting exhibitions given by Professor Gouraud, at New-York, having awakened deep interest in the important question, "What can be done better to furnish the storehouse of the mind?"

Whether for want of mental discipline, or from disinclination to close thought of any kind, or through forgetfulness of apostolic counsel, the great majority of men fail to "give the more earnest heed to the things which they have heard, lest at any time they should let them slip," and would joyfully hail any "royal" way to a good and tenacious memory.

Any system that will aid the memory must necessarily be constructed on the principles of *association*, as suggested by Locke, and every writer on the subject, from the time of Thomas Bradwardine, the learned doctor of the 14th century, down to Francis Fauvel Gouraud, of the 19th, seems to have associated the labors of his predecessors freely with his own.

For reasons best known to himself, the last-named gentleman pledged his pupils not to communicate the system even to a friend, until he had completed his full course of instruction; and it is also said that he proposes to place those to whom he gives permission to teach his system, under restrictions better suited perhaps to the meridian of Paris than of New-York.

These facts are calculated very naturally to call up an inquiry bearing on the *origination* of the system, and this perhaps is the best time to make the inquiry. The Professor very fully acknowledges that the original idea of the system was received from Feinagle, but claims the moulding and

fashioning of it entirely as his own, and this he has done repeatedly.

Will the Professor be kind enough to inform us if he has ever seen a book bearing the following title-page :

The New Aid to Memory : Part First. Containing the most Remarkable Events of the History of England. Illustrated by 120 Engravings. By the Rev. Robert Rowe Knott, M. A., F. S. A., Vicar of Helidon, Northamptonshire, and Author of the New Aid to Memory, adapted to the History of Rome. By A. Cambridge. M. A. Second Edition. London: Whittaker & Co. MDCCXL.

Now whether the Professor has ever seen this book, or not, is not for me to say ; but a moment's attention to the following facts will convince any one that Messrs. Knott, Cambridge, and Gouraud, are "all ploughing with the same heifer."

The secret of the system, or more properly its fundamental basis, consists in the substitution of certain letters of the alphabet for the numerals by which dates are usually set forth ; and these letters must be securely fixed in the memory before the learner can proceed a step in his course. To assist in doing this, Mr. Knott tells us that *t* is equal to 1, and differs from it only by a stroke through the upper part, and the word unit ends with *t*. The numeral 2 is expressed by *n*, there being two distinct strokes in the letter. The numeral 3 is expressed by the letter *m*, for a similar reason. *r* is the last letter in the word *four*, which also has four letters. *l* is the numeral for fifty, which contains 5, &c. The entire table of Mr. Knott is as follows :

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	
<i>t</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>ck</i>	<i>gq</i>	<i>bh</i>	<i>vw</i>	<i>pf</i>	<i>sxz</i>

By a suggestion from "Pitman's Phonography," according to the rules of which *p* is equal to *b*, *t* to *d*, *k* to *g*, *sh* to *zh*, *ch* to *j*, we may slightly modify Knott's table as follows :

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
<i>t</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>k</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>s</i>	
<i>d</i>					<i>g</i>	<i>v</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>z</i>	
					<i>q</i>				

In the above arrangement I have by the simple suggestions of Phonography constructed what looks like a very philosophical system. I am destitute, however, of any representative for 6, as I have taken *d*. for 1, and have thrown *c. h. w.* and *x.* away as useless. I have transposed *b.* and *f.* and thus retain *fourteen* letters out of the original 19, and 12 with their original value. It will be perceived that in the above system the consonants *only* are used, the vowels

being introduced solely for the purpose of forming the consonants into words. Now from this I could make certain words or forms that I can readily see would assist my memory greatly. For instance, if I wished to remember any given number by Mr. Knott's plan, this is easily accomplished by taking letters in lieu of figures. Thus, if I want to remember any person's age—suppose it to be 54—Mr. Knott's system gives me the letters *l.* and *r.*, which I form into a word, and connect it with the name of the person whose age I wish to remember, and say, "Mr. Thompson is no *liar*." That in my mind is ever associated with Mr. Thompson's age, and by dropping the vowels as Mr. Knott suggests, I have *l. r.* or 54. Any ingenious gentleman might carry out this suggestion to almost an indefinite extent, and construct from Knott's fundamental basis not only a much better aid to memory than that gentleman has done, but a comprehensive and invaluable system of Mnemonics.

Thus far had I written, when one of Mr. Gouraud's pupils, having received the full course of instruction, placed his system in my hands. I observe the fundamental basis of his system differs very slightly from Knott's, and from the above modification only in one item, viz: the representative or equivalent for the figure 6. He also alters the arrangement of the numerals so far as placing 0, and its equivalent, first in order. They both reject the vowels, and employ consonants only, and in *almost every instance* the same consonants, and give in the first five numerals the same Mnemotechnic analogies. Mr. G. differs, however, from Mr. Knott, in giving rules for the translation of Mnemotechnic words, and dispensing with the use of symbolical illustrations, and in giving a host of valuable formulas and homophonic analogies.

In addition to this, Mr. Gouraud furnishes us with a Phreno-mnemotechnic Dictionary, which promises material aid in the general application of the system.

I would not under-rate the Professor's labors. He has made that practical which before was but a theory. And though a remarkable coincidence exists between his system and Mr. Knott's, it may possibly be *only* a coincidence. His own testimony can alone settle that point, and be that as it may, he is entitled to the thanks of the community, for bringing that to light which otherwise would have remained buried in darkness and obscurity, and I can only add my hope that he will bring out his "second part" without any such delay as might tarnish his fair fame.

CLERICUS.

LAWRENCE CHICHESTER.
AN ENGLISH SKETCH.

BY THE EDITOR.

"What a delicious evening!" exclaimed Lawrence Chichester to his uncle, as they rested a few moments on the brow of a steep declivity, ere the carriage descended into the valley which was spread below them. It was indeed one of those lovely evenings of early autumn, when the sun casts that broad, mellow light which tinges every object with a melancholy splendor, as though it mourned the coming winter. Nor was the scene less beautiful. The vale wound, like a chain of emeralds, through the bosom of lofty cliffs, whose rugged masses, jutting from luxuriant beds of heath and fern, flung their bold, fantastic outlines, a giant rampart against the sky. The mountain streams glittered like silver shafts through the feathery foliage of the ash and birch, whose pensile branches almost swept the rapid streams over which they hung. It was the eve preceding the Sabbath, and an air of peace was diffused around the scattered cottages which nestled in these deep recesses, in harmony with the repose of nature. No sound broke the universal stillness, save the rich melody of birds, or the hoarse murmurs of the river, whose foaming waters eddying round the mimic rocks which impeded their course, dashed and sparkled in the sunbeams.

Far different were the feelings with which the travellers surveyed the scene. Lawrence Chichester was returning from Oxford to that beloved home, where the fond solicitude of parental affection, and the still dearer tie of woman's changeless tenderness, awaited him. A few weeks would forever unite him to the gentle being on whom his every hope of earthly happiness reposed. Imagination glowingly portrayed the heartfelt enjoyments of domestic life, when kindred feelings and congenial tastes draw still closer the bonds of wedded love, and render yet more sacred the precious ties of home. Hope invested every object with the brightest coloring—animated every feeling with a delight so pure and holy, that, as he gazed around, tears of thankfulness and rapture trembled in his eyes.

His uncle, General Chichester, was also revisiting the home of his childhood, the haunts of his youth: but he was returning, after an absence of thirty years, a widowed and a childless man, to the scenes he had quitted a young and happy bridegroom. No fond anticipations of coming felicity warned his joyless spirit; insensible alike to the

present and the future, his whole being seemed concentrated in the past. He had quitted his paternal home to embark for India on the day he became the husband of a woman whom he had long fervently loved; and memory still cherished the first timid glance of his bride, as, on quitting their native valley, she raised her eyes to his, eloquent with all woman's confiding tenderness. That silent appeal had been answered by devoted affection, and years of unbroken attachment. The only alloy to the happiness of Mrs. Chichester in her union with a man whom she almost idolized, had arisen from the dangers incidental to a soldier's life; but even these apprehensions had been dissipated by his permanent establishment at Calcutta, where, though surrounded by the luxury and ostentation of the East, they lived in that style of simplicity and retirement best suited to their mutual wishes. Devoted to each other, in the calm tenor of domestic life, they enjoyed all of felicity permitted on earth. Time only

"Render'd the wife far dearer than the bride;" and in the newly awakened feelings of the father, General Chichester felt the love and happiness of the husband augmented.

With the tenderest solicitude the anxious parents sedulously cultivated in their children that early development of intellect and feeling, which gave a rich promise of future excellence. Fully impressed with the awful responsibility of the parental character, they sought, from the earliest dawn of reason, to correct the evil and strengthen the good propensities of their infant minds,—teaching, both by precept and example, that due regulation of the heart and temper which is alone compatible with the genuine spirit of Christianity. Instead of the weakly yielding self-indulgence of shrinking from the infliction of punishment, they ever considered the future advantage of these dear claimants on their watchful tenderness, and felt with a rapture the heart of a parent alone can know, that "the seed had fallen on good ground," and promised a rich harvest. Alas! these precious hopes were destined never to be realized. In the sportive gaiety of childhood, or the early bloom of youth, one by one they were snatched away, until General Chichester gazed, with all the agony of a husband and a father, on the pale face of his last dying little one, as it lay pillow'd on the bosom of its mother. That mother felt the loss of her babes with maternal anguish; but she sustained her bereavement as a wife and a Christian, repressing her own sorrow to soothe that of her now childless husband. But her ceaseless

watchings over the dear sufferers, and the secret yearnings of a mother's heart, preyed deeply on a constitution naturally delicate, and ere a few months had passed away, General Chichester saw, with an agony which mocked consolation, the near approach of that hour which must take from him a being so tenderly beloved. As he hung over her couch in silent anguish, anticipating every wish of the loved invalid, she, too, felt the bitterness of separation, and the tenderness of the wife subdued the fortitude of the Christian.

No domestic dissensions, no jarring interests had embittered their union, but the glad duty and affections of the wife had ever been met by the watchful tenderness of the husband. Even in the moment of dissolution, the hallowed feelings of conjugal love beamed on her countenance ere the last faint breath quivered coldly on her lips, and her "spirit returned to God who gave it."

Many weeks elapsed before the bereaved husband awakened to the consciousness of misery. As recollection again returned, unable to bear the scenes of former happiness, he exchanged into a regiment on active service, wholly devoting himself to the arduous duties of a soldier's life. In vain had Lawrence urged him to relinquish his command, and seek in the bosom of his family that repose and those soothing attentions which a broken spirit and increasing years seemed peculiarly to demand. At length that yearning to revisit the scenes of infancy which lingers in every human heart, and becomes stronger in the decline of life, induced him to return to England, and Lawrence, who joined him at Portsmouth, saw with deep regret that at every stage of their journey the wounds of his bruised spirit bled afresh. Each well-known spot recalled a thousand agonizing remembrances, and opened all the cells where Memory slept.

Startled from those blissful reveries which the near approach to home had excited, Lawrence watched in pitying silence the agony depicted on the pallid brow and quivering lip of his beloved uncle, or the deep flush which passed across his rigid features, leaving them still more ghastly. Lost to all external sense, the mourner was only roused to consciousness by the soft, full peal of the evening bells as they struck upon his ear, and smote like a knell on his feelings. When last he heard their joyous tones they proclaimed his marriage, speaking the glad assurance of future happiness. Stricken by the bitterness of the contrast, he covered his face with his hands and burst into tears.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

BY R. ATHON WEST.

'Twas in a dream:—a vision of the night,
Methought I left this world, and soaring higher
Than even thought had ever dared t' aspire,
Gain'd some high seat 'mid realms of purest light,
Where all was bright and fair,
As yon blue worlds appear;
And thence I looked down upon this earth,
And saw its sons and daughters going forth,
Each to their task. Ah! 'twas a wild,
Cheerless, and bleak, and drear; but hope beguiled
The wanderers' path, as onwardly they press'd
To a land outlaid before their view "where the
weary are at rest!"

I saw a female wandering o'er the waste,
In youth's gay bloom, fair, modest, virtuous, chaste;
She journeyed on alone, her eye was sad!
Oh! had she but a guide then were she glad!
But she had none to share
Her toil, her grief, her care;
And then her joy which oft she long'd t' impart,
Must only dwell within her own fond heart!

I looked again! she had a guide,
Upon his arm she gently leaned :
He fondly pressed her to his side,
Her tender form from danger screened!
And then she joyful seemed! her spirit feared no
harm,
Nor did the dangers of the way her peaceful breast
alarm!

Again I looked—no guide was there!
Her look was sad—dishevell'd her hair—
And she wept o'er a grave.
It was her guide's! and she wept alone,
Save the mingling tears of an only son :
And she left that spot, and she traversed the plain,
Beset with snares, and again, and again,
She called on her God to save!
And then she took her son, fearful, yet strong,
Firm was her trust in God,—she mingled with the
strong!

CONFIRMATION.

I saw a mother's eye intensely bent
Upon a maiden trembling as she knelt;
In and for whom the pious mother felt
Things that we judge of by a light too faint.
Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned Muse, or Saint!
Tell what rushed in, from what was she relieved—
Then, when her child the hallowing touch received,
And such vibration to the mother went,
That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams appear
Opening a vision of that blissful place
Where dwells a Sister-child? And was power
given

Part of her lost one's glory back to trace
Even to this Rite! For thus she knelt, and ere
The Summer leaf had faded, passed to Heaven.

LET ME GO HOME.

"Let me go home?"—tis a plaintive cry
On the wayward path of infancy;
The truant is wearied and bramble-torn,
And it longs in a mother's arms to mourn,
And to feel its troubles hushed to sleep,
Where a mother's love its watch shall keep.
"Rest, child, rest! and never more
Wander away from thy father's door.

"Let me go home!"—tis the lost one's cry;
"Let me go home—go home to die!"
The traitor who robbed her of maiden fame
Has cast her forth to a life of shame;
And the gnawing tooth of gaunt despair
Preys on a cheek no longer fair.
Let the erring daughter in;
Open gates to the Magdalen.

"Let me go home!"—tis the exile's prayer—
O what to him is the balmy air
Of the genial south, when far away
His fond wife weeps and his children play,
Where the snows of the north are on the track
O'er which the looked-for comes not back!
He comes! and brightly the hearth shall burn
To light the joy of that blest return.

"Let me go home!"—from the wanderer's breast
Bursts the heaving sigh of the soul's unrest;
Long hath he roamed through countries strange,
Breaking ties in the love of change:
One, long forgot, hath his pride unmanned—
He would make his grave in his native land.
Through a ruined hall the night-winds weep,
As we lay him down where his fathers sleep.

"Let me go home!"—Poor outcast, say,
Hast thou a home?" "Yes, a house of clay—
Wherever my faltering feet shall fail,
There my life shall end its mournful tale;
And they'll make me a home, and I'll there abide,
Nor envy the homes of living pride;
Let me go home—to Him who gave
Yet another home—beyond the grave!"

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THE COUSINS;  
OR, WOMAN'S REVENGE.

—  
BY WALTER CLEGG.  
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## CHAPTER III.

It would have done your heart good to have seen Alice Stewart when eighteen summers had passed over her head; for I verily believe she was the most beautiful of all God's creatures. None would have recognized the merely pretty child, in the woman of exquisite loveliness. I lately saw a portrait of her taken at that age, but it utterly failed to delineate either the sweetness of her features or the degree of mental sensibility stamped upon them.

Her figure was, perhaps, rather tall, but slight, and of the most delicate mould. All the boisterous gaiety of the child was gone; and though Alice was still happy—happier than ever—her face wore a mild and half pensive expression. But this made her ten times more charming! Who could be in her presence long, without feeling how beautiful she was? Many sighed for her, and strove for a long time to pluck from their bosom the lovely image which had disturbed their peace. Poor Alice! she heard hints of these things, and a shade passed over her spirits. She thought how silly it was for any, but one, to fall in love with her.

I have not attempted to describe her to the reader, for I am wise enough to avoid such an exposure of my weakness. I will merely say that the flaxen ringlets of childhood had given place to tresses of the richest brown, and these finely contrasted with a forehead lofty and white as marble. Then that blue eye!—what a depth of concealed thought and feeling did it not speak! How hard was it to meet its full gaze! Those best versed in the study of female faces would have said that a spirit capable of the most extreme intensity of passion lurked below. But none said this of Alice. She had always been mild and gentle—of even and unruffled temper. Nobody ever remembered a frown upon her face.

It was feared, for a long time, that her mother's disease had already crept into her bosom; for her cheek, usually pale and fair, became flushed upon the slightest excitement. At these times her father trembled, for just so her mother had looked, and cheated him into a belief that the glow of health was returning, whilst all the time a fatal hectic consumed her.

But, though thus changed in form, and a child no longer, she was Alice still. Still that mysterious chord vibrated in her heart, which had been touched even in babyhood; and the love of a sister had only been exchanged for a deeper and a more absorbing passion. Herbert was all the world to her. She looked on him as already her own.—She smiled and felt even grateful for the praises which all lavishly bestowed upon her charms, because he would love her more for her beauty. And she experienced a secret ecstasy in anticipating the time when she might surrender to him every thought and desire of her heart, and have a will of her own no longer. This blissful period the lovers now fondly hoped was drawing nigh; and the letters of Alice addressed to Herbert, who had been for some time in London, breathed the fulness of her

confiding heart. She did not affect to conceal even her inmost feelings, but impatiently lamented the tardy passing away of the few more months which both had fixed upon as the extreme interval which must elapse ere they might meet again.

And Herbert, for whom the (so-called) fascinations of London had no charm, pined to be permitted to return to the gentle girl, from whom he had never, until lately, been separated for a single day. But then he consoled himself, by thinking of the rapturous happiness which awaited him, when the time of probation was completed,—when Alice, in all her youthful loveliness and devotion, would take upon herself the vows of a wife, and be wholly dedicated to him, the companion of her infancy. Herbert was now a manly and handsome youth, and though but the same age as Alice, he looked older by three or four years.

I will now tell the reader why the lovers had been separated.

The father of Alice, as was before stated, on the death of his wife, betook himself to severe study; and in this he did wisely; for there is nothing more potent in dismissing the sharpest distresses of the mind. He employed himself in antiquarian researches; and after the lapse of a few years published some volumes, which did him, and still do him great credit.

Thus engaged, it is no wonder that he had little time to attend to his youthful charges; and it was not until they had passed their fifteenth year, that he thought it time to make some arrangements concerning "the children." With their education he was fully satisfied; but he remarked that both were poor,—at least poor, considering what the former heads of the family had been. And Arthur Stewart thought very justly, that a fortunate marriage might secure the elevation of each.

He also considered himself pretty deeply skilled in the philosophy of human nature. At first he thought it possible that there might be some "little attachment" between the young couple. But on further reflection, Arthur saw the folly of his supposition. "For," said he to himself, "the very circumstance of their being so intimate in childhood,—like brother and sister,—will now, on their approaching years of discretion, be the very occasion of preventing any feeling of a more tender nature from warming their bosoms." And he congratulated himself upon his sagacity, when he observed all childish familiarities were abandoned; and when, upon closely watching them,—that is, watching them at the stated times of family meeting,—he could detect nothing

in their behaviour, but the strictest propriety. Once, indeed, Herbert kissed her in his presence, as he was formerly accustomed to do hundreds of times a-day; but on that occasion, Alice had blushed deeply, and certainly given the youth no encouragement to repeat the liberty. So, like all superficial philosophers, who never judge correctly, because they never search deeply enough, Arthur Stewart was perfectly satisfied that there was no danger of any impolitic affection springing up between the cousins. He therefore returned to his antiquarian researches, and they were left to themselves. But neither in thought, nor word, nor deed, were they less attached than they had ever been. A new feeling, it is true, had driven away a host of childish imaginings, but it was a feeling which bound them to each other by a three-fold cord. Alice understood the secret which had so often puzzled her in times gone by, and Herbert discovered the full and delightful meaning of his oft repeated stories. They still constantly rambled together; they read the same books, ay, and thought the same thoughts; for I verily believe, if ever two dissevered bodies possessed a single mind, the unison was in those cousin lovers. Of course their conversation most frequently turned upon that sweet relationship which they should shortly bear to each other. Alice would rest the cheek of her lover upon her glowing bosom, and gazing fondly into the face raised towards hers, smile at the bright visions of happiness which he so loved to tell, and she to hear; and anon she kissed his clear forehead, and called herself the happiest girl in existence! And who will blame them?

One evening, Arthur Stewart overheard their conversation. They were seated at an open window—confined to the house by the thick dews which were spread upon the grass. Herbert had been lamenting his ignorance of any useful profession: and Alice, in a strain of sweet sophistry, was showing him, that he ought not to desire that, which could never be useful to him.

"We have," said she, "always lived here, in this old house, and wanted for nothing. We cannot, I am sure, find a sweeter spot; and there is no reason why we should leave it. We will stay here all our lives, dear Herbert, and make it, as Tom Moore says, —'a bright little isle of our own!' My father, I know, will be delighted to see us happy, and we will speak to him about it all in good time. How very kind he is to us! I went into the study just now with a letter, and he asked me what had put my hair so much out of curl. And I was obliged to tell him, it was all the dampness of the

weather,—which you now was a fib, Herbert—but not a very great one, I hope. Then Herbert drew the smiling face of the girl to his breast, and kissed her. And her father saw with amazement that there was no blush upon her cheek,—that she even returned the familiarity! And as he passed from the room unobserved, he muttered his sorrow that one so young could be so deceitful. Poor Alice! she never even imagined deceit in her heart.

The next day, Arthur Stewart summoned his daughter and nephew to his study. It was an unusual circumstance, and they went together, hoping that their only friend had some pleasant scheme to communicate respecting that event, which, in their opinion, it was high time to consider.

The truth was, he had resolved to send Herbert on a visit to London, under pretence of his seeing a little life. And indeed, this was highly necessary, for he was quite a child in the usages of the world.

In the meantime, Alice was also to be introduced to the gaieties of fashionable society,—to spend a season in Bath. A lady in the neighborhood, whose age had better not be hinted at, had frequently proposed taking her thither, and had assured her father, that the mere circumstance of Miss Stewart being under her protection, was certain to obtain for her the attention and friendship of the very first families in the city. And, indeed, she was right,—taking her words in a sense different to that intended. She knew well that her own connection with a lovely creature, who would be the fairest star amongst the many who shine in the Bath assemblies, would certainly secure to herself attentions and smiles, from those who were never attentive or lavish of their smiles before. And she had ample opportunities of verifying her supposition.

These, therefore, were the arrangements, which, after a sleepless night, Arthur Stewart had resolved upon. He made no doubt, that, as all things under the sun are fading and fleeting, his daughter would soon forget her “silly girlish fancies.” And Herbert, when admitted into London society, must, in an incredibly short space of time, cease to remember his country cousin.

The youthful lovers were much surprised at the tidings which awaited them. But Herbert secretly rejoiced; for he was only to leave Alice for a short time, and he felt the propriety of a separation until their ages were somewhat more matured. Alice strove hard to restrain herself before her father, but in vain. She wept bitterly, and wondered what she would do when Herbert was gone, and implored her father at least not to send

her from home. But her entreaties were denied.

So the lovers parted, repeatedly vowing to correspond constantly, and “never let a week pass without a letter from one or the other.” The assurances of Alice on this point were heard by her father, who, however offered no opposition. “For,” thought he, “if I command her to the contrary, she will perhaps disobey me, through mere perverseness, and a spirit of contradiction.—Girls are sometimes very headstrong. So I’ll let them write; but they’ll soon get tired of it.”

Then Arthur Stewart returned to his studies, still congratulating himself upon his intimate acquaintance with human nature.

#### CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Herbert had been nearly twelve months in London, he one morning received a note bearing the well-known handwriting of Alice. He broke the seal, and read:—

“MY DEAREST HERBERT,—

“ You must come to me directly. Something has happened which I cannot tell you in a letter, for my hand could not have patience to write it,—even to you. But it concerns your happiness, dearest, and mine also: so don’t delay one hour.

Your own,

“ ALICE.”

On the afternoon of the following day, Herbert was within sight of the village church, and a sudden turning of the road revealed Alice coming with hasty and trembling steps to meet him. She flew into his arms and sobbed hysterically upon his bosom.

What could all this mean? I will let Alice speak for herself.

A rich man,—a Baronet,—an intimate friend of her father’s, and more than double her age, had offered her his hand. She had dismissed him with a kind word, and a wish for his happiness. She had even descended to tell him that she was already engaged. But he had returned with his proposals, and backed, too, by a powerful ally: her father commanded her to wed him! The weeping girl here dried her tears, for indignation swelled in her bosom, and flashed from those eyes which had ever beamed with modest gentleness.

Two hours after this the lovers met again. Herbert had been closeted nearly the whole of that time with Arthur Stewart. And when he sought his cousin, she almost sank to the ground on seeing the wildness of his eye and the paleness of his countenance.—But what did Alice feel when his own lips announced that “every vow must be forgotten,—that he gave up all claim to her,—

that she was free!" Free! how the word stabbed to her very heart.

"Alice," said he, "your father's family was always great and rich. Misfortunes have visited it, and its former honors are nigh forgotten. He is the last representative, and you are his only child. I am poor, I can do nothing to enrich you, for I have not a penny in the world. Sir George Archer offers you his hand and all his fortunes.—Your father has told me so: and he asked me, if I could throw myself in the way, and offer hindrance to your promotion in life—to your comfort, to your happiness, and to your becoming possessed of ——"

"And has my father dared to ——"

"Alice!"

"Oh! Herbert, forgive me! I know not what I say! But could he talk of advantages which would accrue to me, and of my happiness, as reasons why you should desert me? But you will not! Say you will not! And don't look so terribly upon me! Hear me, Herbert! I swear by the great God in Heaven that I will die,—die a thousand times over,—rather than ——"

"Alice, listen to me. I have too often and too long forgotten my position in this house. We have been together all our lives,—we have been brought up as brother and sister,—treated in all things alike. This has made me cease to remember that I am but a poor dependant on your father's bounty, that he is under no obligations to keep me in his house,—that I have no right to demand his assistance, and ought not to expect it, unless I am prepared in all things to yield to his wishes.

"I had forgotten this; and to-day, when I dared to reproach him with dividing ties which had bound us for years, he reminded me of it all; he threw it in my teeth; he spoke of a viper which he had cherished in his bosom;—of the punishment with which Heaven visited a disobedient child—and of the more fearful punishment with which it would visit him, who taught the child to disobey!

"Alice, we have loved very dearly. Your mother taught us to pray that we might always be true to each other; and we have repeated that prayer even until now. Like nest birds we have grown up together, and those who never hinted at our disunion in after life, will have much to answer for.—But you shall obey your father, Alice.—You shall be rich and great, and I will pray, oftener for you than for myself, that you may be happy! And in Heaven, Alice, 'where there is neither marrying, nor giving in marriage,'—in Heaven, our souls may be re-united, and we may live again the

happy hours of childhood, and be never parted any more for ever!" Alice heard not his last words. A death-like faint had saved her heart from breaking.

Was Herbert right or wrong in this matter? I think he was wrong.

#### CHAPTER V.

So it was reported through the village that Alice was going to be wedded, but not to her cousin. And many wept who heard it. Then the London newspapers spoke of an approaching marriage in high life:—"the wealthy Sir George Archer, Bart., was shortly to lead to the altar the beautiful and accomplished Miss Stewart, only daughter of Arthur Stewart, Esq., a member of the best and oldest family in —shire."

No doubt many read it and thought of the fortunate bride!

Herbert had returned to London. Sir George having been informed something of his history, and pitying "the poor boy," procured him a highly confidential Government appointment in one of the Colonies.—Herbert accepted it, but he knew not by whose recommendation he had been benefitted. He was now only waiting for a vessel to convey him to the regions of voluntary exile. He struggled hard to repress terrible thoughts, and to think that Alice might still be contented and happy. And he only wept when he remembered that she would never see his grave.

And what of Alice? She was never known to utter a word of misery,—never seen to weep a single tear. When she met her father she was respectfully obedient, but she spoke to him no more with a daughter's love. She confined herself to her own room and stirred not out; for every green leaf and every blade of grass brought a new thought of Herbert, and another bitter remembrance.

I cannot tell how she was changed.—Beautiful she was still, but it was a dreadful kind of beauty. Every vestige of color had left her cheeks. They were white "as monumental marble." Perhaps it was on this account that her eyes looked larger, and the full liquid blue seemed almost deepened into black. Or could it be that the dark thoughts of her brain had effected the change?

But however it was, the sweet gentleness of face, and mind and manner, which had once characterized the girl, was gone.—Evidences of sorrow did rest upon her features, but they were almost hidden by an expression of proud contempt. She had been "insulted, basely,—grossly insulted,

—treated as worse than a child, and allowed no will of her own! Her heart had been torn and lacerated in the most wanton manner, and the innocent feelings and desires which she had cherished all her life, outraged and despised!" Oh! deeply did she feel these cruelties! She, too,—who had never borne ill will to a single living creature!

Woman's love has been termed "a fearful thing." And so it now appeared in her. Her white lips quivered with suppressed passion when she thought upon her wrongs, and in waking hours, and in troubled sleep, she was possessed with one idea only, and that was of revenge. But upon whom was she to be revenged; and what could she, a poor, helpless, heart-stricken creature, do?

One evening, about a week previous to the day fixed upon for her wedding, Alice left the house for the first time. She walked into the village. Many met her who knew her well, but few were bold enough even to say—"God help you, Miss Alice!" At the village post-office she left a letter carefully sealed, and hastily returned home. Of course, that letter was for her cousin, and many will blame her when they hear its contents.

"MY DEAREST HERBERT,—

"Will you refuse to speak to me once more? I entreat you by every remembrance of the past, not to deny me. They tell me I am to be married on Thursday,—this day week.—But on Tuesday,—at midnight,—at our old trysting spot, in the garden, you will once more meet

Your lost  
"ALICE."

(To be continued.)

STANZAS.

When roses deck the cheek of youth,  
And laughter lights the eye,  
We oft forget the solemn truth,  
That all those charms must die.  
And when through every bounding vein  
The tide of vigour flows,  
We think not of the bed of pain,  
The mourner's secret woes.  
  
'Tis therefore good to leave the seat  
(The Book of Wisdom tells)  
Of mirth and joy, for that retreat  
Where age or anguish dwells.  
'Tis there the child of folly learns  
The wounds which sin has given;  
And there the eye of faith discerns  
The balm which flows from heaven.  
  
Ah! never does the youthful smile  
Such angel sweetness borrow,  
As when it would the heart beguile  
Of one dark hour of sorrow!

And never is the youthful tear  
In shower more graceful shed,  
Than when it drops upon the bier  
Where rests the hoary head.

Then if from Him who cannot lie  
We would the future know,  
There is a record kept on high  
Of what is done below;  
And on that page a seraph's pen  
Inscribes each act of love,  
By which with other sons of men  
We kindred feeling prove.

Each gentle look, each accent kind,  
Each proof of tender care,  
Which now we cannot call to mind,  
Have long been written there.  
And they who weep with them that weep,  
Or age's slumbers guard,  
May lose the friends whose couch they keep,  
But not their own reward.

For, in that day, when yonder sun  
And every star is dim,  
The cup of joy which they have won  
Shall sparkle to the brim.  
And if the bright, the happy souls,  
The draught of rapture drain,  
A stream of endless pleasure rolls,  
To fill that cup again!

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CHINESE EDUCATION AND LITERATURE.

The education and literature of the "Celestial Empire" form, beyond comparison, the most interesting and instructive point of view in which the Chinese can be contemplated. We cannot, indeed, praise the *kind* of education practised in China. The studies are confined to one unvaried routine, and to deviate in the smallest degree from the prescribed track would be regarded as something worse than mere eccentricity.—Science, properly speaking, is not cultivated at all. There is no advancement, no thirsting after fresh achievements of knowledge, no bold and prying investigations into the mysteries of nature. Chemistry, physiology, astronomy, and natural philosophy, are therefore at a low ebb. The instruction given in their schools is almost wholly of a moral and political complexion, being designed solely to teach the subjects of the empire their duties. Within the allotted circle all are educated, all must be educated. According to Mr. Davis, a statute was in existence two thousand years ago, which required that every town and village, down even to a few families, should have a common school; and one work, of a date anterior to the Christian era, speaks of the "ancient system of instruction."

A remarkable passage from the closing

part of an address of the ancient chieftain Shun to his successor Yu, found in the Shoo-king, or Book of Records, may not only show the pure system of instruction at that early day, but prove also the antiquity of its author:—

“From the mouth come peace and war. Peace is mild, but war is destructive; from the words of the mouth, then, are these two diverse effects. How greatly ought such springs of evil and of good to be feared!”

These words must have been uttered more than four thousand years ago. They remind us forcibly of the inspired penman, “Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing.”

There are annual examinations in the provinces, and triennial examinations at Pekin, which are resorted to by throngs of ambitious students. The whole empire is a university, a mighty laboratory of scholars. The happy men who pass successfully through the several necessary ordeals are honored with distinctions. They are feasted at the expense of the nation; their names and victories are published throughout the empire; they are courted and caressed; and they become, *ipso facto*, eligible to all the offices within the gift of the sovereign.—The most learned are appointed to the highest degree of literary rank, the “Hanlin” or membership of the national college.—All this means that the emperor may “pluck out the true talent” of the land, and employ it in the administration of his government. The fourteen thousand civil mandarins are, almost without exception, the *beaux esprits*—the best scholars of the realm.

The highest literary graduate is entitled to wear a white stone brought from India, called “Chay hew,” on the cap, as a distinguishing mark. The success of a literary examination is then termed “plucking a branch of the fragrant olive,” denoting the attainment of the rank of “Keu-jin;” because that flower is in blossom in autumn, when the examination occurs. Educated talent here enjoys its just consideration. All other titles to respect, all other qualifications for office, are held as naught, compared with this. This, undoubtedly, in connection with the rigid enforcement of the doctrine of responsibility, is the true secret of the greatness and prosperity, the stability and repose, of the Celestial Empire. For, as Dr. Milne truly remarks, they are the ambitious who generally overturn governments; but in China there is a road open to the ambitious, without the dreadful alternative of revolutionising the country. It is merely required of a man that he should give some proof

of the possession of superior abilities; certainly not an unreasonable requisition.

In education, the Chinese glory is the inculcation of social and political duties.—Their teaching is chiefly by authority.—Hence the great use made of maxims.—These are suspended upon the walls of every apartment, where they are constantly seen and read from early childhood to decrepit age. They say, “Good sayings are like pearls strung together; inscribe them on the walls of your dwelling, and regard them night and day as wholesome admonitions.”

The Chinese are a reading people, and the number of their published works is very considerable. In the departments of morals, history, biography, the drama, poetry, and romance, there is no lack of writings “such as they are.” The Chinese *Materia Medica* of Le-she-chan comprises forty octavo volumes. Of statistical works, the number is also very large. Their novels are said to be, many of them, excellent pictures of the national manners. The plot is often complex, the incidents natural, and the characters well sustained. The writings of the Chinese are exceedingly numerous, and the variety of style is very great. From the days of Confucius down to our own times, during a period of more than twenty-three hundred years, there has been one uninterrupted series of authors.

The five classics and four books, taken collectively, are somewhat less copious than the Old and New Testaments, with which, however, they are not to be compared, either in diversity and beauty of composition, or in purity and elevation of sentiment.

Still, the precepts given, the duties inculcated, and the prohibitions made, are remarkable, and have elicited inquiry whence writings of so salutary a character for the moral government of this people should have originally emanated.

China has had, too, her Augustan age of poetry. But neither poetry nor prose has assumed precisely the same forms as among the Greeks and Romans. It is remarkable that this brilliant epoch in Chinese letters was during the eighth century of our era, when almost the whole of Europe was sunk in gross ignorance and barbarism. We subjoin a single specimen of Chinese poetry, in a touching little piece, published in the second volume of the “Royal Asiatic Transactions,” and written 3000 years ago.—Besides the pleasure its intrinsic beauty will afford, it offers a convincing proof of the substantial identity of human feelings in all times and countries. The piece bemoans the fate of a maiden, betrothed to a humbler

rival, but compelled to become the bride of a rich and powerful suitor:—

The nest yon winged artist builds,
Some robber bird shall tear away;
So yields her hopes the affianced maid,
Some wealthy lord's reluctant prey.

The fluttering bird prepares a home,
In which the spoiler soon shall dwell;
Forth goes the weeping bride, constrained;
A hundred cars the triumph swell.

Mourn for the tiny architect;
A stronger bird hath ta'en its nest;
Mourn for the hapless, stolen bride;
How vain the pomp to soothe her breast!

THE LEGEND OF THE HAPPY VALLEY.

One of the chief delights of travelling, especially in the woods, wilds, and prairies of the vast American continent, is to light upon some strange and quaint wanderer who can beguile the hours of repose with anecdotes and recollections of his past life. I rarely failed, on putting up at a hotel, whether it was the far-famed Tremont, of Boston, the somewhat less celebrated Tremont, of Galveston, a road-side shanty, or venerable log, to find one of these retailers of traditional lore in the shape of backwoodsman, leather-stockings, bee-hunter, or red man.—The latter was ever most welcome; for though the hunting scrapes of the former were always interesting, yet about the Indian—though I never was a believer in their elevated character, demeanor, and intellect—there was yet on all occasions something new, fresh, and to a European, however sceptical concerning their good qualities, something of secret and mysterious interest. This feeling is so strongly implanted in our nature from early associations of ideas, and of the opinions we have formed of the native inhabitants of Columbia in the fascinating pages of the American novelist, that we endeavor, when coming in contact with Indian tribes, and finding our preconceived opinions very much shocked, to persuade ourselves that we have fallen on a bad specimen of the great family—that we have but to travel further, to explore more carefully, and we shall find that all are not so dirty, lazy, and treacherous as those we have met with. Be this as it may, I shall not easily forget the emotions of pleasure which filled my mind when, on dismounting, after a weary day's journey, and crossing the threshold of the low shanty which served the purpose of an inn, at the upper part of the Sabine, I saw standing erect before the fire, habited as nearly as possible in the costume of a white American hunter, an Indian. He was one of those who, without exactly dwelling

either with his tribe or with the settlers, lived on the confines of both. In the village of the Wacco Indians he had his wigwam: true, he had no squaw, and his sons had all followed the war-path to return no more. In the white man's settlements there were whiskey, tobacco, and powder, and the Indian's rare skill as a hunter enabled him to exchange the produce of his untiring labor for such articles as he most coveted. In the wigwam of White Hawk were more knives and blankets, and guns, than in any other, though he had no squaw or young men; but White Hawk distributed his goods with a liberal hand among his people, and was a great chief. These facts I learned in a very few seconds from my landlady, the thin, yellow, but still healthy wife of a borderer. I intimated my intention of supping, and invited the Indian to join me. He did not decline the offer. Thirty years of constant intercourse with the invaders of his soil had taught him their habits and language, and White Hawk could use a knife and fork, relish salt, drink whiskey-toddy, and, what is more, speak English, all with equal facility and readiness. French, indeed, was better known to him—perhaps no Louisiana creole spoke it more purely—but then the languages bear more affinity one to another than his and ours, and we accordingly conversed in French, especially considering the fact that it was the native dialect of our hostess. We talked animatedly for hours; I listened, however, more than I spoke, and wondered still more. The man had travelled immensely. In every state of the Union he had left a trail behind him, and in Texas his footsteps crossed one another in all directions. He told me many and wonderful stories, and among others one to which I listened so eagerly, that the Indian could not refrain from a smile. Though, I believe, to such Americans as have wandered beyond the edge of the vast frontier it is not unknown, to few of my English readers can it be familiar, unless in some obscure hints, which travellers may have thrown out concerning it. I would give it in the Indian's words, but I fear few would thank me for my fidelity. Preserving then, the facts without addition, retrenchment, or alteration, I lay it before the public.

Nawata-taoni was the chief of a small tribe of Peorias who inhabited the foot of the Rocky Mountains, between fort Leavenworth and the bursting of the Arkansas from its rocky prison, and who hunted buffalo during the summer on the wide and boundless prairies which stretch from the great Alpine chain to the abodes of men. The Sioux, the fierce and indomitable tribe of warlike

Indians, who claim an extent of territory equal to some of the most powerful empires of Europe, and who, in support of that claim, go about like raging wolves seeking whom they may devour, took it one day into their heads to destroy this little band of Peorias. Knowing the deep cunning and valour of Nawata-taoni, they chose a day when he was absent in treaty with a neighboring chief of the Kaskaskias, and falling upon the village unawares, took the scalp of every warrior, and bore the women and children into captivity. The men who did this deed were sixty in number, and though thus far successful, they knew that the squaws would mock them, the old men shake their heads, and deny them the title of braves, if they brought not in the tuft of Nawata-taoni.—The chief returned to his village to find it desolate, destroyed, annihilated; and though alone, he vowed vengeance upon his persecutors. Life had lost all its charms; there was nothing left but to revenge and die.—Knowing well that his enemies were thirsting for his blood, he thought it prudent to hide for some time, until they should have returned to their winter quarters, when he could come forth and lay his deep and hopeful plans of retaliation. With his faithful bow, his quiver full of unerring arrows, he turned to the mountains, there to secrete himself. He moved but slowly, as he used the most careful precautions to conceal his trail: walking in the bed of running streams, taking his way with his face to the spot whence he came, leaping through a dense forest for miles, without ever touching the ground, the trees being his path, until at length, at the expiration of a week, he found himself on a ledge of hard rock, that could not leave even the most faint trace of human footsteps. The chief followed it. It led between two lofty hills, becoming every moment more narrow; at length he reached its termination, and a sight burst upon the Indian's view, which even at that desolate moment made his heart leap with gratitude and unspeakable emotions. At his feet lay a lovely valley, or rather hollow, for, save where he stood, there appeared no gap or break in the hills; a sward, green and smooth as a lawn, ran down the crest of a rock to a lake which bristled with sparkling springs, each rising like a *jet d'eau* of art, and falling again into the bubbling bosom of that sweet water. Groves dotted the scene all around, and on the sides of the hills were dense thickets and woods, which promised abundance of game. The chief walked slowly down to the banks of the lake; it was teeming with fish. He walked nearly around it; a river escaped from one end, a

mighty stream in its very birth, and at some distance was heard the roar of waters. But nowhere did the restless searching eye of Nawata-taoni detect the slightest evidence that mortal man ever had trod that spot.—A smile of grim satisfaction passed over the warrior's face, as he determined to take up his abode in it, there to baffle his enemies for a time, and then to found another tribe; once more to have wigwams about him, and then—his dark eye glistened, and became big with deadly meaning—he was thinking of fifty reeking scalps which hung up in the lodges of his hated enemies of the Sioux.—His first care was to build a small and convenient hut, to manufacture traps for beaver, and fishing tackle for the speckled trout. Of both, the lake and stream afforded abundance. Then, laying aside his bow and arrows, he plunged into the river—whose high, rough, and precipitous banks forbade any other mode of exploring it—to find where it led to, and to discover if it afforded any facility for the secret advance of an enemy. He swam along quietly, his eyes scanning every gap and fissure in the rocks until he felt the current become violent, the roar of waters more loud, and, dashing out, he made the right bank of the stream.—Clambering amid pointed rocks and loose stones, he soon gained a spot from whence the river of the Happy Valley escaped in a gigantic fall of some hundred feet or so into another and equally extraordinary place. The chief sat down upon a fragment of granite, and gazed around him. The bed of the river represented a singular aspect; in the middle it was a smooth though rushing stream, while on both sides were caverns, and arches, and gullies, through which the mad water fiercely bubbled, escaping through vents which its own impetuosity had carved out. Nawata-taoni approached to the very edge of the cliff, looked down upon the smooth grass and green woods of this other valley and smiled; then, as if satisfied with his survey, he leaped once more into the water, and returned to his hut. On a first inspection, he had imagined that the lake and stream were one body of water; but a more careful survey caused him to discover, that though the river took its origin certainly in the hundred springs of this lively sheet of water which supplied him with fish, beavers, fur, and beaver's tails, yet the river burst from a cavern some twenty feet from the lake, the connecting interval being subterraneous.

Almost a month had passed and Nawata-taoni began to think he had baffled his enemies. There was, he found, no lack of beaver or trout; the woods afforded him squir-

rels, and racoons, and turkeys; and in the immense valley below the falls he had seen, though as yet without pursuing them, many a buffalo. Every day added to his knowledge of the locality, and every day his settled determination of peopling the valley of Nawata, as in his pride he called it. He had already enlarged, ornamented, and garnished his hut with furs and skins, and planned it where a village could conveniently surround it; he had laid out the line of wigwams in his eye; the maize fields for the squaws to labor in; the tree which was to be hewn down on the day which should summon his new tribe to the war-path, to follow the trail of the murdering and lying Sioux. About the dusk of one evening, which gave sign of a stormy and disagreeable night, Nawata sat at his tent door, resting on a luxurious heap of beavers' skins, and smoking out of a rude pipe the most aromatic leaves of the forest. His keen restless eye ranged all around; his nice ear, alive to the faintest sound, was ever listening for the footsteps of the foe. Why does Nawata start, lay aside his pipe, and stand erect on the threshold of his hut, clutching with eager grasp the handle of his tomahawk? Next minute his bow is bent, an arrow flies from it, a loud cry is heard, and fifty dark and yelling forms burst from the narrow entrance whence Nawata had gazed upon the peaceful and Happy Valley, now changed into the abode of wild and infuriated savages; who, rushing down the gentle slope with triumph glaring in their eyes, seek to clutch their victim. It was the Sioux who had laid waste his peaceful village, and Nawata-taoni, feeling that to live was necessary to his revenge, fled. To leap into the lake, to swim under water until his breath could be held no longer, then to rise at a distance and shake his clenched fist at his pursuers, who, discharging a hasty flight of arrows, threw down their bows and followed him, was the work of a few minutes. The bubbling springs confused his pursuers, and some were at fault; but there were enough who were not, and Nawata-taoni soon found that these were gaining on him. The darkness was not sufficient to hide any very palpable object from the sight; and when, reaching the point where, in a kind of whirlpool, the lake rushed into its cavernous passage to the river, the Sioux saw their victim plunge into the vortex, an awful yell rent the air. The whole fifty warriors in an instant were on the land, which gave a distinct view of both pieces of water. Another yell, half of pleasure, half of admiration, followed, when the opposite cavern gave up the apparently lifeless body of Nawata-ta-

oni. Every dark form, which a moment before was filled with bitter sensations of disappointment, now dilated with joy, and, plunging after the chief, each man sought to be the winner of the prize. The end of the chase appeared no longer doubtful. Nawata, bewildered, stunned, almost senseless, however, rapidly recovered, but not so rapidly as to be any match for his pursuers, who, fresh, strong in numbers, and eager for his scalp, dashed after him with an intense violence, which showed how much they valued their prey. Nawata laughed aloud, a laugh of taunting, bitter irony, as he cried, "The Sioux are squaws—the Sioux are dogs!" Still they rushed on, more eager than ever, their yells mingling with the boiling waters, when suddenly Nawata plunged headlong under water. A yell of horror, terror, agony, burst from the foremost of the Sioux, as they strove to turn, but it was in vain; those behind pressed them on; man clung to man, men to men. One gigantic warrior clutched a point of rock; the Sioux became as one dark mass; they were stationary. The whole fifty or sixty warriors were hanging by the single arm of the gigantic chief; they were in the very leap of the cataract; the current was too impetuous to be stemmed: there was no hope. A loud taunting laugh caused them to raise their eyes to the bank, on which stood the avenger pointing to the abyss below. A cry then arose, so horrible, so piteous, so deathlike, that even Nawata was appalled, and he returned to his hut, without one living enemy within hundreds of miles, with a heavy heart. But he had his revenge; the place was now deserted; no one would dwell in it—certainly not Nawata-taoni; "and," said the Indian, "Nawata dwelt with the pale faces, and hunted for them, and the Wacos became his friends, and called his name White Hawk."

I started; the conclusion was unexpected. Thirty years had passed, and Nawata-taoni was an old man. I told the chief how deeply his tale had interested me; but neither he nor I cared about any other that night; and over an excellent cup of coffee, prepared by our French hostess, we dwelt for hours on the recollections which had been awakened in both our bosoms by the Legend of the Happy Valley.

So should we live, that every hour
Should die, as dies a natural flower—
A self-reviving thing of power:
That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF SUMMER.

BY J. H. R. BAYLEY.

O'er earth and sky my spell I fling,
As I fly in the light of a wild-bird's wing;
I cross the lightning—stay the storm,
And the hues of the gorgeous iris form;
I bid the Spirit of Mist retire,
And tinge his sable clouds with fire;
The zephyr I summon, and calmly rest
In the balm it has brought from the land of the
west.

Over the dew-bright earth I fly,
Throned in the grey of the morning's eye;
Creation feels my quickening power,
As I waive my wand o'er field and flower;
Beauty unfolds its thousand eyes,
And like a waving infant lies:
I breath on its freshness—I purple its bloom,
And welcome it back from its wintry tomb.

Would ye gaze on my brightness?—the rose leaf
tells
Where the "Spirit of Summer" and sunshine
dwells;
Go, search the yellow cowslip well,
And there am I in its fragrant bell;
Pluck but a blossom from herb or tree,
And the eye of its petal will point to me;
Seek, and ye'll find me—it matters not where—
For I, in the light of my lustre, am there.

THE PARTICULAR AND THE GENERAL.

It is very curious to observe the different ways in which Mr. Smith, or Mr. Thompson regards the same thing in its two various forms of particular and general. Tell Mr. Thompson that you are giving your son Frederick a practical sort of education, by which you imply a training in his own language, in writing, accompts, geometry, without neglecting elegant literature, dead or alive, or any of the weightier matters relative to morals, and he will listen to the detail with all the approving patience and interest that could be desired, and next day tell twenty people how sensibly you are managing the matter, and that he has a great mind to put his own George and Samuel through exactly the same course when they are ready for it. But let another person on some other occasion propound to Mr. Thompson the opinion, that education should everywhere be made more of a practical kind, that it should not be unmixed Latin and Greek, but should include such elements as shall enable the new generation to enter life not quite ignorant of the laws of nature, and more particularly of those things which concern each of us in the ca-

reer for which we are destined, and instantly doubt and alarm are depicted on the usually smooth and happy tablet of Mr. Thompson's countenance. He is afraid you are disaffected to some of the good old institutions of the country, that you feel Jacobinically towards birch, and would disestablish the Grecian mythology. What in a single instance obtained the immediate sanction of his common sense, now, in the aggregate, meets a thousand objections from him. He cannot grasp the idea in this form, and therefore it oppresses and frightens him.— 'What?' says Thompson, 'would you have us to be a mere nation of bargainers? would you exclude the ornamental and the refining? would you make all our youth cunning old merchants at once? No saying where we should all be in a hundred years, if you were to make education of so utilitarian a character.' And so it is that, while in the case of his own George and Samuel, he would really like an education calculated to inform as well as improve the mind, and fit the lads, in some degree, for the world, he yet will take no means, nor sanction the taking of such means by others, to put all in the way of obtaining such an education.— Had it formerly existed, he would have thought it—to use one of his favorite phrases—all right; but to alter an old system, and rear a new one, is quite another affair; he must think twice about it. In short, you see you are to have no support from Thompson.

When I was a very young person, a well-informed man was always respected. Even amongst the country gentlemen, any one who had read a good deal, so as to be able to solve a knotty point now and then at a county meeting or at table, usually enjoyed some extra consequence on that account.— Fathers, however ignorant themselves, would tell their sons to seek the society of well-informed men, for the benefit which was to be derived from their conversation. It was generally held a sort of disgrace to be extremely ignorant. And even yet, when Thompson happens to be thrown into the society of a man of large and various knowledge, he is quite delighted. 'What a head that fellow has, sir! No subject could be brought forward but he had some light to throw upon it. How much I would give to know a fourth of what he does!' Thompson really thinks and feels in this manner. He has been charmed, and he only speaks his heart when he says there is nothing he holds in greater respect than knowledge.— But if you were to meet our national representative at some other time, and commence a conversation with him about the desirable

ness of taking some steps to remove the general ignorance, and diffuse useful knowledge amongst the people, very likely you should find him opposed to everything of the kind, and this not only from a disinclination to see intellectual light extended, but a disrespect for intellectual light itself.—He would have some very sage remarks on the too exclusive cultivation of physical science in our age, its effects in causing us to worship the actual and the real overmuch, and its connexion with the mammon-spirit of the day. Perhaps a few jokes at men of science would season his discourse. He would quite overlook the mighty extension which modern science has given not only to many objects dear to humanity, but even to our conceptions of divine majesty and benevolence ; he would forget the souls which its abundant dissemination snatches from corrupting influences, and places by virtue's decent fireside. And this simply because, while able to appreciate the superiority of knowledge to ignorance in a special case, or as far as the individual alone is concerned, he cannot conceive of a multitude of cases with the same clearness ; the idea escapes him, its vast and undefined lineaments terrify him, and he becomes an alarmist about a thing which he actually venerates.

We find this respect for the particular, and dread of the general, very prevalent with regard to the idea of the useful. There is not a respectable parent of three children in the country—no matter, almost, of what rank—who does not twice a-day tell his youngsters to see that they make themselves useful. There is not a careful housewife in the world, who does not deliver lectures daily to young women on the propriety of their making themselves useful. ‘Be useful’ is the general order dinned into the ears of all persons, from the first moment they have a brain to think or hands to work.—Compliment the philanthropist with a dinner and panegyric, and he modestly assures the company he is always very happy when he can make himself useful to his fellow-creatures. Place the patriot at the head of the poll for Fussborough, and he declares from the hustings that it will henceforth be the pride of his life to be useful to Fussborough. One-half of the so-called highly-educated men of the country, if told of some remarkable discovery in pure science, will think themselves sure of a triumph in the remark, ‘But of what use is it !’ as conceiving immediate usefulness to be an infallible criterion of merit in such a case. Yet, if one were to happen, in conversation with any of these parties, to let fall some general approbation of utility, it is ten to one that

they would all hesitate to concur with him. They would not, perhaps, have any objection distinctly felt in their own minds, but they would fear that utility somehow was a wrong or bad thing in this form, albeit the guiding rule of all their ordinary actions.—This is surely a most absurd delusion of the popular mind ; for what is good on a small scale can never be otherwise than good on a more extended one, seeing that in the latter case we have merely a multiplication of single examples. If Tom, for instance, is benefitted by turning all his natural and acquired gifts to use, how can it be bad for Harry, or his respectable brother Dick, to make themselves useful too ? Or how can the usefulness of Dick and Harry be bad to Tom ? And if usefulness has been found laudable in the cases of this venerable trio, how can it be worthy of reprobation with regard to mankind at large ? The fact is, usefulness is good for each and all ; but the public starts at what it calls theories, by which word it describes all concentrations of single facts into principles.

I have, for my part, no theory, properly so called about utility, nor am I even fully informed upon some of the more remarkable theories of other men upon this subject.—But I can very readily see that there is both a contempt and a dread entertained for it among thousands, whose character as good citizens entirely depends upon the fact, that their almost every action is of a useful kind. There is, in the first place, a prejudice against the general idea of the useful, as if it were something naturally in hostility to all that decorates and refines life, and would exclusively direct attention to what is gross and material. Now, there could not be a greater error than this ; for the useful, in reality, comprehends all those decorating and refining, as well as all beneficial and moral things, within itself, and stands properly as a general term for whatever can promote the happiness of mankind, and that not merely here, but hereafter. The distinction of the ornamental and amusing arts from those productive of immediately necessary things, was but the transient error of one philosophical mind—that of Smith—and is now nowhere upheld. Why, then, should it any more be thought of ? Even Bentham, who is usually considered as the most aberring spirit on this subject, was an admirer of both painting and music, and an amateur of the latter, and invariably advocated the liberal support of the cultivators of both arts, as persons useful to the community. Surely, then, it is a ridiculous mistake to suppose, as we every day hear men doing, that because some particular

person recommends utility to be studied in all things, and follows it much in his own daily conduct, therefore he is one who has no soul for anything beyond the sternest realities, and would willingly see all the fine arts and all the moralizing agencies of the age put down and extinguished. The very contrary is often the fact; and we find nowhere such perseverance in good-doing and good-thinking, or such a liberal and enlightened taste for both the beautiful in art and the profound and abstract in science, as in some who endeavor, in humility of spirit, to mark their whole lives with usefulness. How could anything else have ever been presumed, when there are so many of the very highest of sanctions for this same usefulness? What is 'going about continually doing good,' taken by itself, but a course of usefulness? If, indeed, any one were to limit his idea of usefulness to a life devoted altogether to the realizing of small and gross utilities, and which from mere narrowness of spirit, excluded whatever might only be expected to become useful reflectively and after long time, there might be some justice in the opinion in question. But I am unaware of any men of reputation who take this narrow view, which rather appears to me a mere groundless imputation put forward by those who, from limitation of soul, can only see good in single cases, and start with instinctive trepidation from the assertion of everything like a principle.

In the scale of mind, the particular and the general might almost be considered as the leading marks. There are men who readily understand any single isolated fact, and make it part of their stock of knowledge but, whose stock of knowledge consists entirely of such distinct facts. These men cannot lay a number of facts together, so as to draw some general inference from them. They are the children of the intellectual world. As we advance in the scale, we find the maturer and higher forms of intellect in those who readily generalise from single facts, and combine many small ideas into a great one. Analogous to, and intimately connected with the first class, are those men who exhibit all desirable benevolence towards their fellow-creatures in personal and individual respects, who are good masters to their servants, good landlords to their tenants, eager to commiserate and relieve every single case of distress that comes under their notice, but are totally unable to form any general scheme of a rational kind for the benefit of large numbers, or to sanction any such scheme which may have been formed by others. Analogous to the second class—the intellectual generalisers—are those who,

while perhaps more disposed to follow the course of a strict justice towards individuals, are competent, and at the same time eager, to form and follow out great principles and plans for the general good. There can be no hesitation in assigning to each of these classes their proper shares of praise; the former are respectable for their personal doings, but often form great obstructions to plans of the highest value; the latter are the less amiable, but by far the most useful. The former may be likened to the occasional gleams of good feeling which appear in the barbarian mind; the latter are comparable to the mild and benevolent maxims which govern the bulk of civilized society.

It will therefore be the mark of a great intellectual advance in mankind, when they are found to understand that all social and political things are but congeries, or clusters of things individual and familiar, and are liable to laws, and attended by maxims, precisely the same. A nation is but an extended family, as all mankind are but an extensive kind of nation, and whatever is for the interest of any one man or family, *must be* for the interest of the nation, as well as that of mankind. It is the pursuit by each man of his own calling, for his own benefit, that creates the wealth and greatness of the congeries of men called a people. Whatever mode of operation facilitates the industry, and promotes the benefit of the individual, without doing harm to his neighbors, that will be found an infallible rule of action for similar arrangements amongst class and class, and nation and nation; and, by parity of reasoning, whatever would be an impediment to the industrial operations and personal benefit of an individual citizen (always presuming that he aims at nothing which is not moral towards his neighbor,) that will be found to be equally unfavorable to the interests of a nation, and of mankind generally. It requires only some degree of wisdom, and particularly some share of that best of all kinds of merely human wisdom, a genuine benevolence, or love of our neighbor as ourselves, to see these great truths; and it requires but seeing them, and acting upon them, to produce a vast increase of happiness upon earth.

THE BUTCHER'S BOY.

How gladly do we welcome the butcher's boy. His chubby, ruddy face, cheats us into the belief that hunger is but the chimera of a morbid imagination. His blue frock seems the livery of plenty, and his lusty shout of 'Butcher!' peals in our ears like the invitation to a banquet. How sau-

cily the rogue bears himself, as though conscious of the dignity of his craft, which is as old as the fall of man. 'Butcher!' Where is the heart in which that sound does not awaken some emotion? 'Butcher!' Young Margaret's heart bounds at the cry, for the noble sirloin in the boy's tray is destined to 'furnish forth her marriage table.' Why does she blush so as she receives the viand at the door? Her cheek mantles as though her heart beat so tumultuously that every crimson channel beneath her snowy skin was filled to bursting. The boy has but his accustomed leer, and his words have been fewer than upon ordinary occasions. 'That's for *you*, Miss.' He knows her secret—she is sure of it—but how did he acquire his information? Poor Miss Hemming, the dress-maker, in Pye Court, has asked him, as a particular favor, to *bring* her a little piece of mutton; she would not have troubled him, but Miss Margaret's gown must be finished that evening. Singwell, the parish clerk, whilst selecting the nice little tit-bit for his luncheon, had mentioned Margaret's name, and winking knowingly, declared that she'd say enough to-morrow to last her her life. 'Butcher!' (we love to reiterate the word,) and Susan drops the rolling-pin, and hurries to the door, to give welcome to the sleek harbinger of dinner. Susan has other business than with the boy's mere sensual calling:—the strange oblong packet which she draws from beneath her apron, is filled with 'emotions.' There are gentle words traced upon that paper, in the most crooked orthography; and happy thoughts that a queen might envy, wrapped up in the most ragged grammar. The seal is worthy of the missive it secures. The device is a pair of opened scissors, and the motto, 'We part to meet again.' Her hand has held the wax unsteadily, or was that spot dropped intentionally—perhaps with a blush—upon the paper? Wherefore? The learned in love-lore called such a symbol—a kiss.—Happy thought! That little spot becomes an altar, on which affection places the invisible offering of her heart, to one who is her idol. Seas are crossed, and deserts traversed, and the distant loved one marks the little shrine, and greedily inhales the tribute of his worshipper. And has Susan a lover? Let us listen.

"Well, butcher, how do ye do?"

"Pretty well, Mem—how do I look?
Line of mutton and a sweetbread."

"Sweetbread?"

"Yes, Mem,—Master's compliments, and thought you looked delicate this morning."

"Well, he's very kind."

"Do you know Mr. Simms's, up the street?"

"Simms's! O ah! the family in drab coats, and red plashes—I do, Mem."

"There's the dark footman ____."

"Very like the pictures of Count Dossey. Yes, Mem."

"His name's John ____."

"Yes, Mem,—there's only two footmen in Brooke street whose names isn't John—and they've come down from banking-house clerks. Well, Mem?"

"Would you oblige me by giving him this note?—quietly, you know."

"It's agen the Post-Office regulations; but I'll do it. The letter's rather heavy."

"Heavy!"

"Yes, Mem,—I'm sure here's a lump o' heart in this corner as weighs a pound and a half at least."

"La, what nonsense,—it's only to tell him his cousin's come to town, and wants to see him."

"O, I know her!"

"Do you though?"

"Yes, she's the *moral* of *you*. I'll make it all right, Mem."

"Do; and could you bring me an answer?"

"Yes, Mem."

"And—I'd nearly forgotten—a pound of gravy beef."

The boy is faithful to his trust, and the 'dark footman' is made happy in his pantry by the somewhat ambiguous declaration of Susan's note, that 'this cums hopping.' Our blue-frocked friend is a great whistler, and when not engaged in conversation, fills up every hiatus by recourse to his wind instrument. The butcher's boy is one of the many things we would have always young. We sigh when we contemplate him as the burly butcher, swollen by full feeding and 'potations pottle deep,' with a forehead as broad and sullen as one of Virgil's bulls.

WISDOM AND FOLLY.—The wise man has his follies no less than the fool; but it has been said that herein lies the difference—the follies of the fool are known to the world, but are hidden from himself; the follies of the wise are known to himself, but hidden from the world. A harmless hilarity, and a buoyant cheerfulness, are not infrequent concomitants of genius; and we are never more deceived, than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition.

TRUTH.—The truth, like medicine, must be qualified for the weak and infantine.

CONSUMPTION.

BY E. T. W. S.

Time was!—the youth looked blythe and gay,
Proudly he walked along the path of Time:
Joy smiled upon him with her cheering ray,
And on he pressed towards full manhood's prime:
Religion held control,

O'er all the wilder passions of the soul,
And with his manly growth
Increased the nobler virtues of his youth:
And all the social pleasures did he richly prove,
Loved all around, and all returned his love!

Anon that youth looked beautiful but sad,
His cheek was pale: then flushed with crimson
hue:

The eyes that once looked blythefully and glad;
Were dimmed: or glistened with a light untrue!
And ah! a pleasing sadness played around
His quivering lips, tinged with a ghastly blue—
Disease preyed on him, yet would he pursue
His acts of mercy; and his joy he found
In dreams of future happiness,
In scenes and thoughts of earthly bliss:
Ah! lonely youth! how little did he deem,

That he so soon should droop and faint and die,
Alas! he proved his earthly hopes a dream,
And drooped the flower, meet for Eternity.

And now a father mourns his only son;—
Ais pride and joy, nipped by the untimely blast:
His hope of comfort in his offspring gone,
He feels the hour of dreaded grief is past:
The seal that closed the fount of tears,
Is broken,—and full fast they flow;
The only tears he'd shed for years,
Bespeak his anguish, grief and woe!

GLADIATORIAL COMBATS.—Christianity had not ceased to raise its voice against this atrocious practice; but paganism mocked at the scruples and pusillanimity of Christianity from the couches of its mighty temple. Honorius renewed the prohibitory law of Constantine, but to no purpose; the arena of the Coliseum still smoked with human gore. At length a poor monk, named Telemachus, who had passed his life as a solitary in the deserts of the East, came to Rome, and mingling with the spectators until the gladiators commenced their murderous struggle, suddenly bounded into the arena, and cast himself between their weapons. But where the venerable Ignatius, the disciple of the evangelist St. John, with myriads of others, had already suffered, the body of this glorious martyr to humanity sunk beneath the heavy fragments of marble seats, and ornaments, hurled down upon him from the amphitheatre, that seemed crowded with so many demons raging

for human blood.—*Rome under Paganism and the Popes.*

NEVER MIND THE LOOK.—It is the motive that more than anything else renders an action good or bad. However fair the look of an action may be, if the right motive is wanting the action is hollow; if the motive be a bad one, the action is rotten at the core. Who cares for an outward seeming or show of friendship or affection, unless the heart be also friendly or affectionate? Who does not prize a rough outside, when it covers an honest inside, more than the most fawning fondness from a heart that is cold and false? Thus it is right to insist on the principles for their own sake; because the principles give their value to the action, not the action to the principles. The principles are the gold on which the stamp is to be put; if the gold be not good, the stamp, though it may often deceive people, gives it no real worth; and he who graves the King's image on base metal is punished for forgery.

POWER OF THE VOICE OVER CHILDREN.—A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied by words so uttered as to counteract entirely its intended effect; or the parent may use language in the correction of the child, not objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence. Let any one endeavour to recall the image of a fond mother, long since at rest in heaven. Her sweet smile and ever clear countenance are brought vividly to recollection: and so also is her voice; and blessed is that parent who is endowed with a pleasing utterance. What is it that lulls the infant to repose? It is no array of mere words. There is no charm to the untaught one in letters, syllables, and sentences. It is the sound which strikes its little ear that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few notes, however unskillfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence. Think we that this influence is confined to the cradle? No, it is diffused over every age

VAIN PERSECUTION.—During the reign of Diocletian, in the third century, the Christians were persecuted by the Heathens for ten years, with scarcely mitigated horrors; and such multitudes were massacred in all parts of the empire, that at last the imperial murderers ventured to erect a triumphal column, bearing the barbarously boastful, yet false inscription, that they had extinguished the Christian name and superscription, and restored the worship of the gods to its former purity and splendor? Where are their gods now?

EDITORIAL SOLILOQUIES

ON CURRENT LITERATURE, AND THINGS THEREUNTO APPERTAINING.

The sun is gaily shining outside our prison walls, and life is waking up with all the freshness and beauty of spring—all, all is cheerful *without*—but *within* we guess it's rather different. Let no poor and forlorn editor of a weekly Magazine hope for much of the sunshine of life. Rolling down the speaking tube from the compositors' room comes the appalling cry of "COPY," and into the seemingly small orifice we are constantly throwing slips, but it avails not—

"Copy, copy 's all their cry,
Give me copy or we die!"

Well, they shall have it, and as our brain is racked and our mind harrassed, we will soliloquize for awhile, and give up all hopes of turning out to see the thousand and one peerless beauties at this moment perambulating Broadway! Heigho! Heigho!

We hardly know what a poor Editor has to do with "Interest Tables," though certes, if he calculates interest at all, we guess it should be "decimally." However there was a day when we knew something about the countin-ghouse and its adjuncts. We, therefore, hold our selves perfectly competent to judge of a recent publication by Messrs. Harpers' entitled, "TABLES OF INTEREST by MONTHS AND DAYS, at 360 and 365 to the year: computed at 7 per cent, and adapted to other rates, DECIMALLY arranged under the head of time. Together with Factors for calculating discount, and convenient Time Tables. By George A. Stansbury, Counsellor at Law." We cordially add our humble approbation to the many high authorities whose commendations are prefixed to the work. We think that no commercial gentleman ought to be without a copy. They are the best and most copious Tables of Interest we have ever seen. Moreover, the book is substantially bound, and every way a *vade-mecum* for the business community.

We promised to revert again to Dr. Baird's excellent work entitled "RELIGION IN AMERICA." The work is, we honestly think, beyond all others on the subject that we have read, comprehensive and impartial. We are, ourselves, reading it with very great interest and pleasure, and cordially recommend it. It ought to sell largely in this religious land. We cannot forbear reading aloud the following extract, premising that Chapters VII, VIII, and IX. are devoted to the proof that the entire Constitution and Legislature of the United States, both collectively and separately, are based upon the principles of Christianity. The following is from the close of the VIIIth Chapter:—

"From all this, the reader will see how the nation set out on its career. It was, in every proper sense of the word, a Christian nation. And though the constitutions of the old states have since been deprived of what was exclusive in regard to religion, and the political privileges of the Protestants are extended to the Roman Catholics, without any exception that I am aware of, yet the legislative action of those states, as well as that of the new, is still founded on Christianity; and is as favorable as ever to the promotion of the Christian religion. I am not sure whether the Jew has equal privileges with the professor of Christianity in every state, but these he certainly has in most of them, and he has everywhere the right to worship God publicly, according to the rites of his religion. In some states he holds offices of trust and influence, the law opening to him as well as others access to such offices. Thus, in the city of New-York, at this moment, a descendant of Abraham, who was formerly sheriff of that city, is a judge of one of the courts, and discharges its duties faithfully and acceptably. Jews form but a small body in America, and as they hold what may be called the basis of the Christian religion, worship God according to the Old Testament, and believe in a future state of rewards and punishments, such a modification of the laws as should place them on the same footing with Christians as respects political privileges, was not deemed to be latitudinarian or unsafe.

"I conclude by repeating, in a few words, that the state governments were founded on Christianity, and almost without exception, on Protestant Christianity. In the progress of opinion on the subject of religious liberty, everything that looked like an interference with the rights of conscience in any sect was laid aside, and all men whose religious principles were not thought subversive of the great moral principles of Christianity were admitted to a full participation in civil privileges and immunities. This is the present position of the governments of the several states in the American Union."

Messrs. Burgess, Stringer and Co. have published "THE LITERARY REMAINS OF WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK," edited by his brother, Lewis Gaylord Clark, Esq. It is elegantly printed, and tastefully got up. The first number contains the Ollapodiana papers. A lengthened notice shall shortly appear.

No. 2 of Harpers' "Pocket Edition of Select Novels" is on our publishers' counter, entitled "YOUNG KATE, OR THE RESCUE, A TALE OF THE GREAT KANAWHA," and is an interesting novel. The following is a fair specimen of the author's style, and the same ease and fidelity to nature in description, and the same tenderness of sentiment, pervade the work:—

"Indeed, he who would have harmed such a creature as Matilda Ballenger must have been the victim of the worst passions, or destitute of all the finer feelings of our nature. To persons of sensibility and cultivated taste, her very presence was a fascinating charm. Even to the hardy, rough, uncultivated, but honest, manly hunter, who, if he possessed not refined feelings, had eyes to see, and a heart to feel, her uncommon beauty, grace and loveliness, and her soft and silver-toned voice, were delightful. They could not fail to touch the soul. She was just seventeen—not tall or very slender—but her person was finely moulded; so finely, that the sculptor might have taken it for the model of a Grecian grace. Her hands and feet, although not the smallest of the small, were so nicely proportioned and delicately finished, that they seemed smaller than they really were. Her white and taper neck, seen through her luxuriant locks of dark auburn hair, rising from a bust of unsurpassed loveliness, like a column of alabaster half concealed by a clustering vine, supported a head a fit capital for such a column. Its Attic elegance of outline—the smooth and oval brow of snowy whiteness—she curved and delicately-pencilled eyebrow—the straight, finely-chiselled nose—the lips, which, when parted to speak, displayed her small, regular, white teeth, were like the opening bud of a Damascus rose. Her long and dark eye lashes seemed to separate and soften the glances of her eyes, which were not those of a gazelle, but of an intelligent, sensitive, benevolent being, beaming with the expression of every thought and every feeling: all, all would strike the dullest eye, and reach the hardest heart.

"To persons of ordinary discernment, these were the mere decorations of the temple, shadowing forth the divinity that dwelt within. The thoughts of her mind, the emotions of the heart, might be seen to pass over her face, and vary its expression as the shadows of light summer clouds on an evening in May, moving through the serene and sunlit sky, pass over the verdant plain below, and checker it with light and shade. Yet over the sunny brightness of her countenance there was a slight, but perceptible, shade of melancholy, subdued, indeed, and softened by what religion, faith in the Redeemer, and an abiding sense of gratitude to God, and an humble dependance and confiding trust in his Divine protection, never fail to impart to the human face.

"Oh, how touching! oh, how tender and affecting is that expression! It was a veil which shaded, but did not conceal, the brightness and playful sprightliness of her nature. Perhaps the death of her mother, which had happened not only since Matilda Ballenger was old enough to become most strongly attached to her, but to appreciate her worth, and to feel the irreparable loss which she herself had sustained in being deprived of all the blessings and all the tender and endearing associations connected with the hallowed name of *mother*, might have left some abiding traces of sorrow on the face of her daughter. The pecuniary embarrassments of her father, too, their visible effect on his health, and the tearing asunder of the ties which bound them to the place of their nativity and to their early friends, could not fail to throw temporary clouds, at least, over the brow of those who naturally possessed the most elastic and buoyant spirits.

"But the constitution of our nature, in this respect as in all others, manifests the benevolence of an all-wise Creator. In youthful bosoms grief and depression soon yield to the stronger influences of joy and gladness, which will assume their rightful sway, although for times and seasons the former may usurp a short-lived empire. From his more active employments, William Henry Ballenger, since the removal of his father, had recovered his usual flow of spirits, and frequently rallied his sister on her pensive airs. It was not strange that Ben Bramble, alone as he was in the world, had become attached to this family. Attachment to something of its own kind is a want, almost a necessity, of a generous and noble mind. Ben not only desired to see Mr. Ballenger and his family comfortable in their new home, but determined to guard them against any and every evil that might menace them. He had no favorable opinion of Isaac Foster, whom he knew as a land agent, land speculator, and surveyor. Ben had been a chain-carrier for him on several surveys, and had either seen or heard things which had impressed him strongly and unfavorably towards him."

Only four more parts of the London Edition of "SHAKESPEARE" are now wanted to complete the work. Burgess, Stringer & Co. are the agents for this beautiful and correct edition of the works of the "immortal bard."

Atwill, No. 201 Broadway, has just published a very excellent collection of "SONGS FOR THE SABBATH," a certain desideratum for family Sunday evening worship. The words by the Rev. J. Greenfield, and music by J. P. Knight.

And now we have finished the week's soliloquy, and you, dear reader, must pardon us if we leave you for awhile. We are mortal, even as you are, though no marvel if you have thought otherwise. Our *cara sposa*—our youthful prattlers—ah! here comes one little loving, lovely, lisping, laughing darling, to tell her dear papa that —

But no matter. It is a mere domestic matter, and no business of yours. Farewell.